

THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

COME ON, CLARA,  
GIVE US A SMILE.  
YOU MAKE THE  
WEeping ANGELS  
LOOK CHEERFUL!

BBC  
**DOCTOR WHO**  
ADVENTURES  
**EMPIRE'S FALL**

ERR... DOCTOR, I  
THINK WE MIGHT  
BE IN TROUBLE.

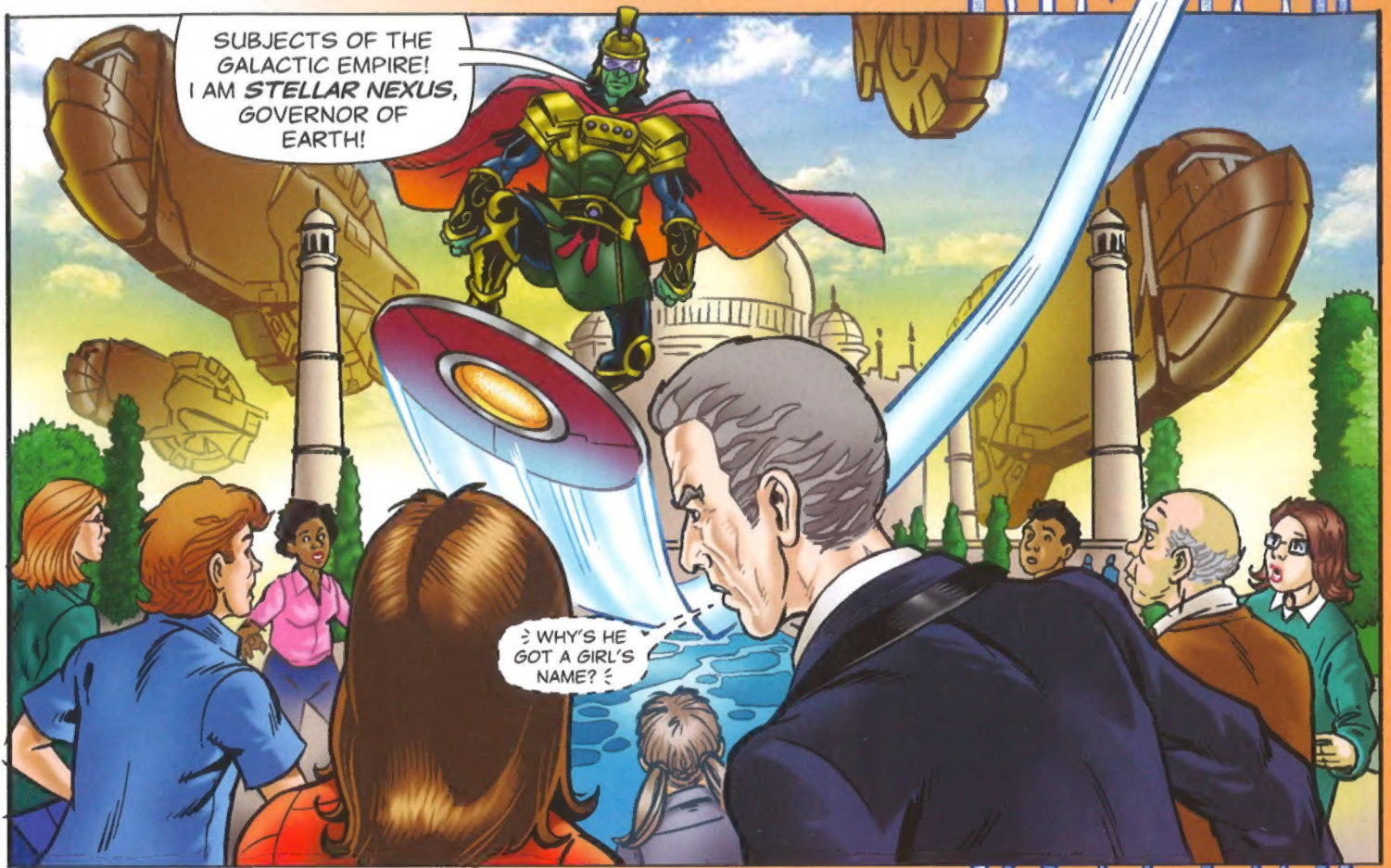
STOP WORRYING.  
YOU'RE A WORRIER,  
CLARA. DON'T WORRY.  
WE'RE ON HOLIDAY.

MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD TELL  
THEM THAT.

OH. THEY  
DEFINITELY  
SHOULDN'T  
BE HERE.

SCRIPT: JASON QUINN ART: RUSS LEACH  
COLOUR: JOHN BURNS LETTERS: CAROLINE DUNK







HELLO, STELLIE. I'M THE DOCTOR. LOOK, I KNOW THIS IS A WEE BIT EMBARRASSING BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT TAX THING.

INDEED?

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE. EARTH CAN'T BE FIVE BILLION YEARS BEHIND IN TAX PAYMENTS. EARTH ISN'T EVEN THAT OLD. I'M AFRAID YOUR ACCOUNTANTS HAVE MADE A BIT OF A BOO-BOO.



THE EMPIRE DOES NOT MAKE BOO-BOOS! WE DIDN'T CONQUER THE UNIVERSE BY MAKING BOO-BOOS!

REALLY? WELL IF YOU'RE EMPIRE IS SO GREAT, HOW COME I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT?

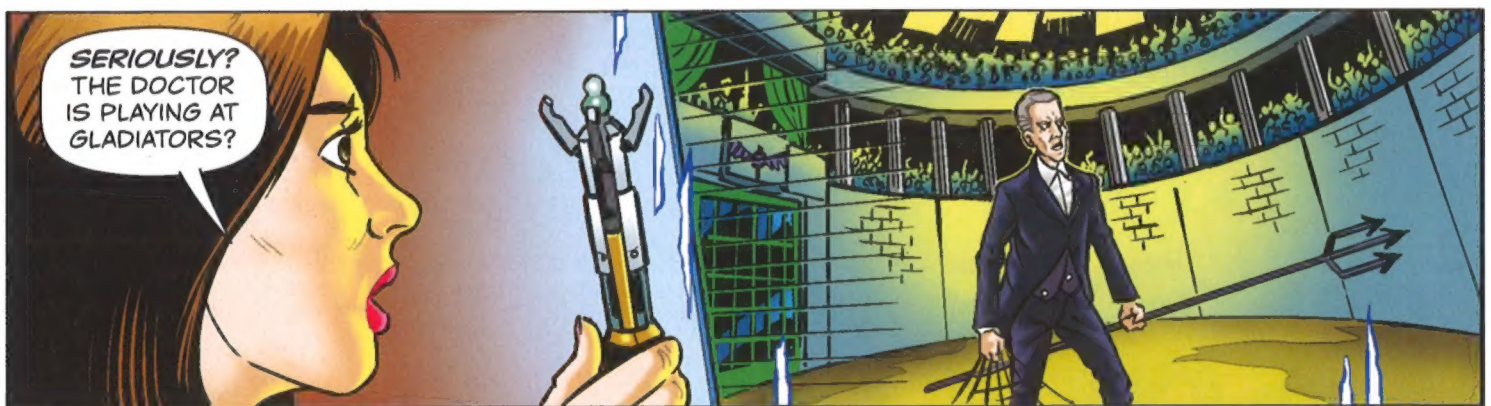
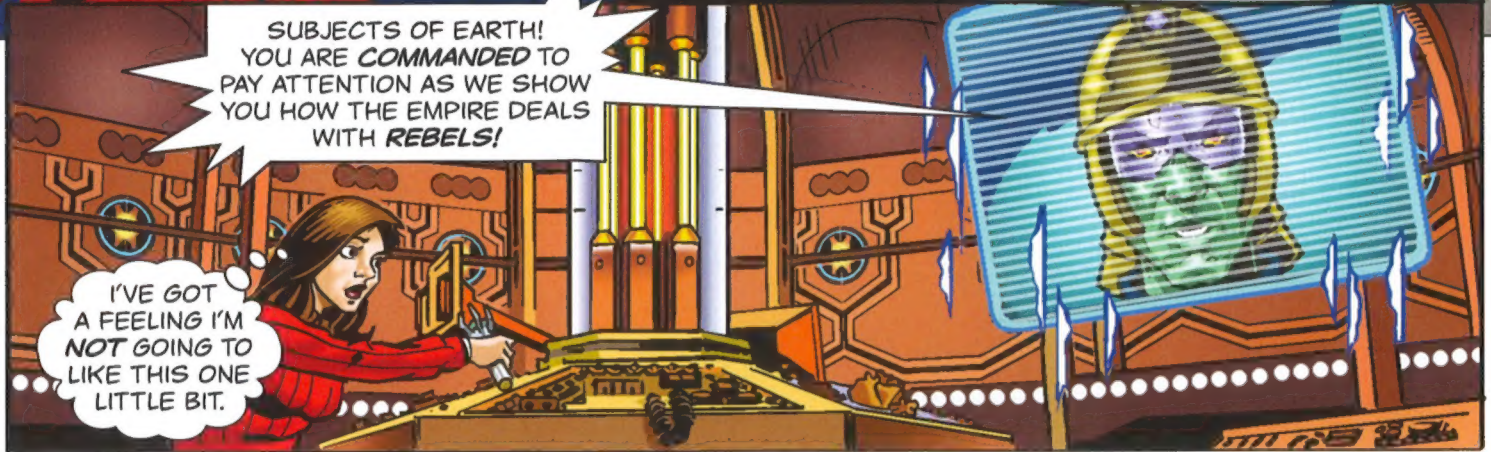
ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENCE!

CLICK!

YOU WILL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE TO THESE PRIMITIVES. WE WILL SHOW THEM HOW WE DEAL WITH TROUBLE-MAKERS!

TROUBLE-MAKER? ME? OH, COME ON. WE WERE JUST HAVING A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION...







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**FWOOOOSH!**

**VWOORRP! VWOORRP!**

WH-- WHAT  
NOW?



GET ME  
UNIT ON  
THE LINE.

WE HAVE  
NO CHOICE BUT  
TO MEET THE  
EMPIRE'S  
DEMANDS!

WE PAY  
OR WE  
PERISH!

BWA-HA-HA!  
MY PLAN IS  
WORKING LIKE  
CLOCKWORK!

RESISTANCE  
WILL RESULT  
IN DISASTER!

THERE IS  
LITTLE WE CAN  
DO AT THIS  
STAGE.

WITH THE  
DOCTOR OUT OF THE  
PICTURE WE HAVE  
LITTLE REASONABLE  
CHANCE OF  
SUCCESS.



VWOORRP!  
VWOORRP!

AH, AT  
LAST!

YOU TOOK YOUR TIME!  
WHAT KEPT YOU?

DOCTOR? YOU...  
YOU'RE ALIVE! BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
DRAGON? I SAW IT  
ATTACK YOU!

WHAT **DRAGON**? THERE'S  
**NO** SUCH THINGS AS  
DRAGONS? I'VE BEEN  
**HERE** ALL ALONG. NOW,  
QUICK, INTO THE **TARDIS**,  
WE CAN'T HANG AROUND  
IN HERE ALL DAY.

WHAT? WE  
**CAN'T** LEAVE! WE  
HAVE TO **STOP** THE  
GOVERNOR. WE...

CLARA, YOU REALLY **DON'T**  
KNOW ME VERY WELL AT  
ALL, DO YOU? NOW,  
WHERE'S MY SONIC  
SCREWDRIVER.

I'VE GOT  
IT RIGHT  
HERE --

NOT SO  
FAST!

NOW, HAND  
ME THE **KEYS** TO  
YOUR CRAFT,  
OR **DIE!**





DON'T THEY BOTHER WITH 'PLEASE' OR 'THANK YOU', WHERE YOU COME FROM?

CLARA!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THE SONIC'S A DELICATE INSTRUMENT!

KLUNK

SORRY. IT WAS HIM. HIS ATTITUDE JUST GOT ME RILED UP.

NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

ARRRGHHH!

KLICK!

ZZZZKKKKZZZZ!

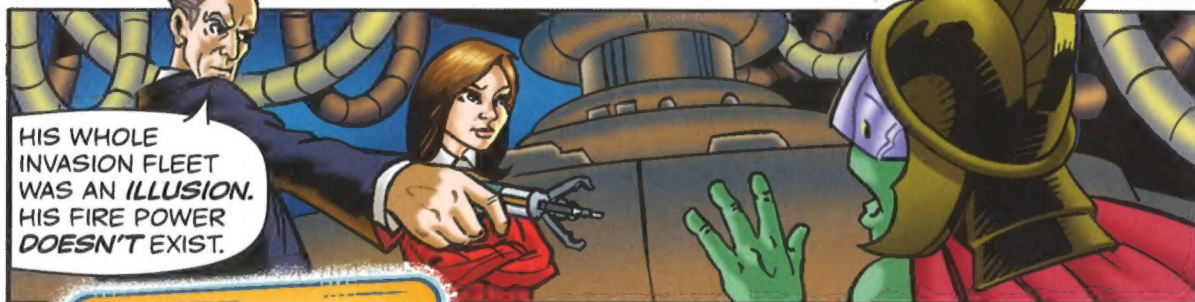
THE WAR-BOTS! THEY'VE - -





-- VANISHED!

JUST AS  
I SUSPECTED.



HIS WHOLE  
INVASION FLEET  
WAS AN **ILLUSION**.  
HIS FIRE POWER  
**DOESN'T** EXIST.



**STELLAR NEXUS.**  
A SPACE CON-ARTIST WHO  
TRAVELS THE LESS ENLIGHTENED  
WORLDS THREATENING  
**EXTINCTION** IN THE NAME OF AN  
EMPIRE HE **MADE UP** OFF THE  
TOP OF HIS HEAD.

TUT-TUT! WHAT  
ARE **WE** GOING TO  
DO WITH HIM?



PLEASE, GREAT  
ONE! HAVE **MERCY**.  
JUSTICE IS HARSH  
ON MY PLANET. IF  
YOU RETURN ME  
IT MEANS CERTAIN  
**DEATH**.

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
**CLARA**? ARE  
YOU FEELING  
MERCIFUL?



DO YOU  
THINK IT WAS  
A **GOOD** IDEA  
LETTING HIM  
GO?

HE'S PRETTY  
**HARMLESS** WITHOUT HIS  
ILLUSION ENHANCERS. NOW,  
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU  
BUT I COULD MURDER A  
**GOOD CURRY!**  
LET'S GO EAT!

THE END!